

THE
Oxford SHEPHERDS.

A

Political Pastoral

ON THE

Present POSTURE OF AFFAIRS.

Translated from the *Latin* Original.

*— Ad viridi nutantem vertice sylvas,
Hospita sacra ferens nulli memorata priorum.*
MANIL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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et from Cleveland

18

Erratum. Page 22. Line 7. *read thus,*
Lacon, I'll Apples give, and Wheaten Cake,

T O T H E
I L L U S T R I O U S

G. K. M. S. *

BEHOLD here SIR my
SHEPHERDS, not of the low-
est of the People, but Men of
the first Rank ; who really know
what is Corn, what are Trees, what
Sheep and Oxen ; and very well know
too, what are the Desires of their
Fellow-Subjects, the Manners of No-
bles, and the Counfels of KINGS.

* *George Keith, Marshal of Scotland, General to the
CZARINA.*

A

W H A T

DEDICATION.

WHAT I heard them lately sing,
(O! I wish, SIR, you had been there)
many Things sweetly, many with much
Gall, you shall now hear me re-
cite.

It is not at all foreign to the Mo-
desty of *Pastoral-Poetry* to lash the
Wicked, the Unlearned, or Envious.

THAT Prince of Shepherds and of
Poets, * while he makes Love to
PHILLIS, and compliments POLLIO,
hath put an indelible Mark of Ignomi-
ny, throughout all Ages, on BAVIUS
and MÆVIUS.

* VIRGIL.

BUT

DEDICATION.

BUT who can, with Reason, be angry with my ECLOGUE? I have trifled in Retirement, in a simple Manner, and with feigned Names; and it is necessary that every one should keep such a Mean, who intends to write *Latin* Verses, whether he would deal in Satire or Panegyric; for the uncouth Numbers and Sounds of our *Gothic* and barbarous Names, are strong Reasons why we cannot openly put those, whom we would most lash or compliment, in our Verses. ALTHOUGH, alas! this, for the Sake of myself, my Friends, and the Republic, I have often lamented; yet for your Sake I cannot say I ever did, or believe ever shall.

DEDICATION.

FOR what Addition to your Fame or Dignity can my Writings give? What Satisfaction can they bring to you? who have not only overcome but adorn that wretched Lot, in which Fortune placed you; who do every Thing to cherish and help the Companions of your Labours and Dangers, of these the Leader and Encourager, of those the Port and Safety, of all the Glory and Example; lastly, who are known, through all EUROPE, for your extraordinary Virtue, Piety, Fidelity, Probity of Manners, sweet Disposition, and fraternal Love, beloved by great Kings, and great Gods; if the immortal Gods mind us Mortals: we are not deceived, they certainly do mind us.

By

DEDICATION.

By this you may find how great a Value I set on your Approbation, and how much I should rejoice, if you would kindly receive these Country-Muses, which I here recommend to you; because I am of that Kind of People, who desire their Performances may be approved of by the best and most learned Men, and, content with their Judgment, shall leave the rest to the Iniquity of the Times, and those malicious Expounders, who distinguish themselves by the Name of Critics. Truly whether this Sort of Men is more to be feared, or laughed at, I know not; surely *to be laughed at*: as among them are to be reckoned Court-Prelates, who have nothing Holy but their Denomination,

DEDICATION.

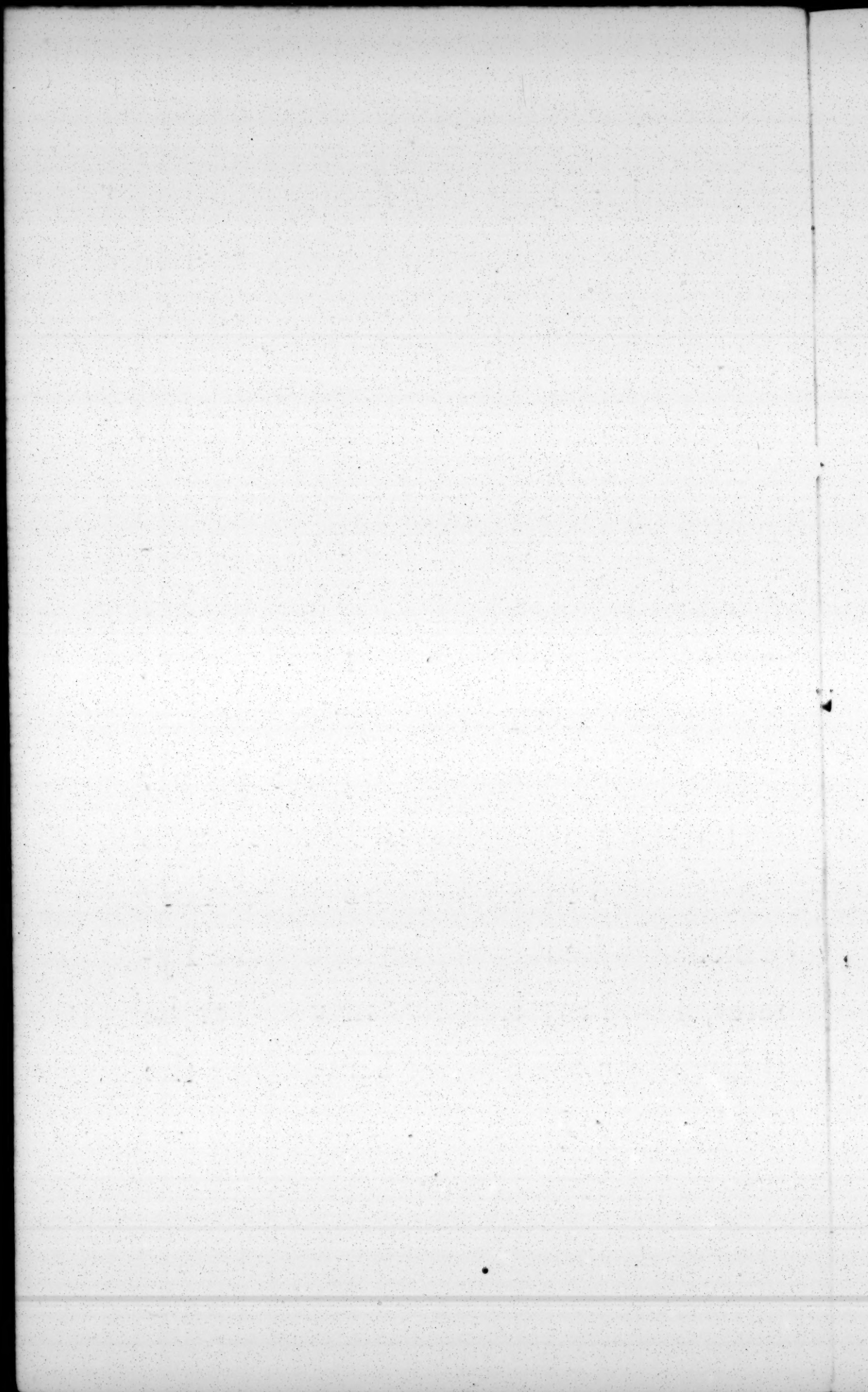
mination, and Orators of the HALL, who have nothing of the Place but the Impudence: who sitting in *Judgment-Seats*, or supported by the *Great*, surely despise my BENCH.

DOUBTLESS they esteem the Poet of a most groveling Spirit, who knows not how to get Riches, not even to raise his Rents, of which they themselves are most studious; for they desire Friends to love, Gods to worship, and the Liberal-Arts, only as they are conducive to the Coacervation of Gold.

To these may be added some of my Friends (I am ashamed there are any such) who mightily admire themselves and their own Performances, neither
would

DEDICATION.

would they have any Thing believed, among skilful or learned Men, better than what they themselves do, nor any thing excellent they do not do; whom my graver Works and Trifles equally offend, whether they are *Latin* or whatever they are; there is no Force or Elegance in my Verses, because indeed they are mine; or if there is, I am obscure; which is a Fault I am altogether clear of. For am I obscure, if I do not plainly and openly say who is MOPSUS, who IULUS, who MAVORS, who TYPHOËUS? which if I should, by the Consent of Pyrates, I and my ECLOGUE may either be thrown into the Sea, or banished to the most *distant Island* of the WEST.



T H E
B E N C H.
A N
E C L O G U E.

LACON, TITYRUS.

A S on a BENCH near * *Isis'-Banks* I sat,
A shady Beech protected me from Heat,
A Bench which *Alcon*, Master of the Glebe,
Sacred to Swains and Muses had decreed.

* A River which waters *Oxford*.

. B

'Twas

'Twas like an Altar large, as Marble smooth,
 Fit to bear Incense to the Gods above;
 'Tis Heart of Oak, a small Part of the Great
 Which sprung from Seed of fam'd *Dodona's* Seat,
 Th' Abode of Dryads and the heav'nly Care,
 The Glory of the Woods, while Woods there
 were.

Nor do first Honours to the Bench belong,
 Because from prophesying Parents sprung,
 Or because Part of that triumphant Tree,
 Whose kindred Beams with Sails now sweep
 the Sea,
 Whose Thunder casts a Terror on proud *Spain*,*
 And vindicates the Empire o'er the Main.
 For it has proper Virtues and Desert,
 Oh! may it meet with a Reward as great;

* This Eclogue was wrote at the Beginning of the Naval War between *England* and *Spain*, in the Year 1739.

By it, more pleasant does the Prospect seem,
 By it, more grateful glides the silver Stream;
 On it the Loit'rer wastes his Hours away,
 Here old Men nod, when they've no more to say,
 The weary Trav'ler rests his burning Feet,
 It is a Table for the Reapers Meat,
 And to the suburb Nymphs, if Fame says true,
 'Tis a hard Bed, but yet a grateful too.
 But why this Honour to a Bench say you?
 Which, if Right Reverend, were not its due,
 'Cause it inspires the experienc'd Mind
 To shew Events that are by Gods design'd,
 And like *Parnassus*, to the Bard displays
 The Means, to tune the most harmonious Lays,
 Such as the sacred Nine can hardly blame,
 But Envy can, for Envy's still the same.
 Hither thro' Meads the Lads and Lasses come,
 Nor mind the Work they've left undone at Home;

Hither the Satyrs and the Fauns resort,
 And here the *Naiads* have their rural Sport,
 Here *Æglè* fair and *Galatea* tell
 The tender Passions that their Bosoms swell ;
 Here the poor Trav'ler finds a safe Retreat
 From rising Storms, and scorching Dog-days Heat,
 But stands amaz'd to see the dreadful Steep,
 And Boats by Horses drawn along the Deep.
 Here while I sit, charm'd with the warbling Birds,
 The finest Prospect that the World affords
 Presents its Beauties to my ravish'd Eye,
 Flow'rs, Water, Trees, the Sun and azure Sky ;
 My Mind revolves the Seasons of the Year,
 The various Kinds of Plants, and heav'nly Sphere ;
 All Things, where e'er or what, still tend to prove
 They had Beginning from almighty *Jove*.
 Thus while I muse ; *Tit'rus* and *Lacon* come,
 While *Thestylis* attends the Flock at Home,

To sing both prompt. Nor is the Beechy Shade
 Unfit for Numbers or the Muses Aid;
 And 'tho', alas! such Pipes we cannot have
Sicanian Muses to their Shepherds gave,
 Yet Skill, Force, Wit, and Grace our Numbers swell.
 And 'tis some Praise but to endeavour well.
 O CALLIOPE, to assist prepare,
 If ever votive *Britain* was thy Care,
 And with Oak Garlands bind thy Shepherd's Hair.
 And, since thou can'st remember, here rehearse
 Just what they sung and in alternate Verse.

L A C O N.

If thou'rt a Goddess Liberty, afford
 Thy Aid, while I thy Blessings-Great record,
 By Thee, the Poor have Food, the Rich have Ease,
 By Thee, securely we our Flocks increase,

By

By Thee, enjoy the Ev'ning's cooling Breeze,
By Thee, we sing beneath the shady Trees.

T I T Y R U S.

Most surely Thou'rt a Goddess, Liberty,
As such, this Altar now we raise to Thee,
Receive this Calf, nor the small Off'ring slight,
We will hereafter give a Bullock white.
No Wonder that compos'd thy Image stands
Of vilest Clay, when wrought by Royal Hands,
But if thy Laws Divine thou wilt unfold
To mend our Times, Thou shalt be beaten Gold.

L A C O N.

I grieve to see the Pigeons leave their House,
And their white Mansion occupy'd by Crows ;
But

But safe in Thee, my Charmer, would'st Thou
 come,
 The frighted Birds will to their House return.

T I T Y R U S.

O Fairest come, nor scorn a homely Treat,
 For here are Strawb'ries soft, and Cherries sweet,
 Honour my Roof, and Gods will dwell with Me,
 And *Phæbus*' self again a Shepherd be.

L A C O N.

What have I borne from *Traulus*' cursed Wife,
 While foolishly Abroad I spent my Life,
 Me to destroy, the Witch tries all her Arts,
 By Poison, Slander, and by venom'd Darts,

And

And to assist her from the *Stygian* Flood
Calls up infernal Spirits with my Blood.

T I T Y R U S.

The Witch seduces Youths and Virgins pure,
And would a Bull, could she the Weight endure ;
She tries all Postures Lust has e'er contriv'd,
And of her own adds many more beside,
Her Crimes, by Age, have Strength and Courage
found,
And as her Years increase her Lusts abound.

L A C O N.

Th' *Epheſian* Story, we in Fact behold,
While she takes *Codrus*, *Carus* hardly cold,
While she grieves *Codrus*, she to *Gallus* weds ;
Such rich old Beasts need not t' have empty Beds.

T I T Y R U S.

T I T Y R U S.

Ah! of the Baud, ye beauteous Nymphs beware,
 For against All, her Envy lays the Snare.
 Who did to court Thee, ill-star'd *Pholoë* call?
 Virgins fly hence, for *Delia* poisons All.

L A C O N.

Degen'rate Bards and Priests, to Gain inclin'd,
 Make the Gods speak, what first the King
 design'd ;
 What can our Prayers avail, for damning Gold
 If Wit itself and Heav'nly Power be sold.

C

T I T Y R U S.

T I T Y R U S.

Others give all Things up, yet not for Gain,
And therefore boast of Virtue's empty Name;
'Till *Isis*' Stream be dry'd they foolish watch,
O! if it should, what Store of Fish they'll
catch.

L A C O N.

See *Mopsus* midst the Jests of sprightly Wits,
Stupidly grave, squaring a Circle, sits;
What grateful Thanks I'd pay to Pow'r Divine,
Were my Sense great as, *Mopsus*, Thou think'st
Thine!

T I T Y R U S.

T I T Y R U S.

He is a Man of such prodigious Parts,
 That understands all Sciences and Arts,
 All which, 'tis strange, by Inspiration come,
 For as to Human Learning, he has none.

L A C O N.

Niggardly lavish, Pitifully great,
 On daily Follies squanders his Estate,
 Yet not a single Penny will He spare,
 'Tho' to relieve a worthy Sister's Care,
 Who mad with Grief, wounds her devoted Head,
 While her dear Fondlings cry in vain for Bread.

T I T Y R U S.

To All in Power He shews a slavish Fear,
 To All beneath a Tyrant most severe,
 Sorrow for Faults He thinks a Thing absurd,
 And so Polite, He never keeps his Word.

L A C O N.

Truly his Character at once to show,
 He is indeed to all Mankind a Foe,
 With no one Virtue fraught, with monstrous
 Pride,
 Sure to hate most, where nearest He's Ally'd.

T I T Y R U S.

TITYRUS.

Mopsus with *Faunus* dares Himself compare,
 And *Mopsus*' Wife, that Cat, with *Flora* fair;
 And with the Glory of the *Mantuan* State,
 The Player-Poet, *Britain*'s Laureat.*
 Are Arms of use? *Germanicus*, Thou'lt be
Mars in the Camp, and *Neptune* on the Sea.

LACON.

Here bring the sparkling Wine, indulge in Mirth,
 This is the Day of dear *Iūlus*' Birth;

* COLLEY CIBBER, *Comedian*, Author of his *Own Life*.

Romans,

Romans, adorn the Youth with nicest Care,
 And with all-conqu'ring Laurel bind his Hair.
 But if his Country shall again enjoy
 The wish'd-for-Presence of the lovely Boy,
 Two grateful Altars shall erected be,
 Reducing Fortune, to Thy Deity,

T I T Y R U S.

The Nymphs bring Lillies-White, and Violets-
 Blue,

And I bring Roses mark'd with lov'd I. U. *
 O Gods, at length Restore him to our Pray'r,
 We'll-golden Fanes to *Jove* and *Phæbus* rear.

* i. e. IULUS.

LACON.

L A C O N.

Cam, in thy Muses Seats the *Goths* now dwell,
 And thence the Genius of the Place expell,
 Under what Auspice, *Granta*, * art Thou chang'd,
 Has Thy *Apollo* so long fruitless reign'd?

T I T Y R U S.

Alma, the Fair-Fac'd God will shun Thy Clime
 'Till Thou sing'st Verses suited to our Time,
 'Till you fling off this curs'd Desire of Gain,
 Nor longer servile to a Court remain.

* The Ancient Name of *Cambridge*.

L A C O N.

Mnasyllus, *Pyrrha*, ravish'd from your Arms,
Must to a Centaur now yield up her Charms;
Serpents with tender Lambs may now unite,
Or Toupee-Monkey * hope for *Hebe* bright;
Now may *Priapus*, that most filthy Beast,
Think to be match'd with *Phæbus*' Sister chaste.

T I T Y R U S.

Another bears those Honours as his Due,
Which only, *Daphnis*, do belong to you;

* A modern *Man of Taste*.

So where the Venal-Fowls their Voices sell
Near *Thames's* Banks, and Damn themselves to
Hell,

You'll see a grave dull Goose, inane of Art,
Of a sage Swan attempt to play the Part.

L A C O N.

Cosmus, his Country and his Children sold,
To have his Windows of *Venetian* Mold.
Two hundred fruitful Acres he has ta'en,
And all his Woods, to make a Garden vain.

T I T Y R U S.

See the gold Pillars of the Temple shine,
On the Canal a Fleet in Battle-Line ;

D

Here

Here, mighty Bridges, but no River near,
 With Polish'd-marble Cottages appear ;
 There, artful Ruins of much Cost we view,
 And the great Gods plac'd only for a Shew.

L A C O N.

All Things have Turns ; me *Acme* held in Thrall,
 Then *Phyllis* next, then *Cydno* most of all ;
 Now *Flora* holds my Heart, and while she does,
 Yields not to *Pallas* or the Queen of Loves.

T I T Y R U S.

All Things go back ; *Cæsar* must now implore
 Peace from the East, to which he gave before.
 Peace-patching *Venulus*, to make a Fray
 Stirs up the Nations, he was wont to weigh.

L A C O N.

L A C O N.

Atrides, if a Peace be all thy Care,
 Why then so great Provision for a War?
 Where there's no *Troy* that can a *Hector* boast
 What mean a thousand Ships and such an Host?
 That the poor *Greeks* may suffer by the Cost.

T I T Y R U S.

All Things are full of War, no Foe is near;
 No Foe approaches, then what is't we fear?
 Secure the well-dress'd Soldiers now may share
 With their fine Chiefs the Honour of the War.

D 2

L A C O N.

L A C O N.

Those charming Verses, *Lælius*, to me send,
Which *Phæbus* helping, you so lately pen'd,
So may the Muses make Thee joyful, great,
If aught Thou want'st Ambition to compleat,
After the gaining of Thy lovely Spouse
And the Delights of *Calydon's* sweet House.

T I T Y R U S.

Lælius, my Friend, the Glory of our Land,
Whose honest Breast was form'd by *Jove's*
Command
To strictest Friendship true; nor could he frame
Greater or better than that very same.

L A C O N.

L A C O N.

Go, *Mycon*, search the Neck-Weed Woods, prepare
 For *Cyclops*' cursed Neck a proper Snare;
 With various Colours you must plait the Line,
 And Golden Threads with Azure Ribbons twine.

T I T Y R U S.

His Titles and his Race this Honour claim,
 His Crimes this Work, if that the *Cyclops* Name
 By the Destruction of our Wealth and Fame
 To such prodigious Height of Greatness came.
 Are these too slight? a Rope of Hemp then weave,
 And say, 'tis for a Peculating Knave.

L A C O N.

L A C O N.

Invited, I *Lucullus*' Table shun ;
 O! may our Shepherds never thither come ;
 But let dire Gout enjoy still undisturb'd
 The foreign Arts of the luxurious Board.

T I T Y R U S.

Lacon, I'll give Apples, and Wheaten Cake,
 Such as for Off'ring to the Gods we make ;
 For when great *Jove* to visit Earth thought meet
 He chose a Cottage and its homely Treat.

L A C O N.

L A C O N.

To *Lycidas* and *Iölas* are known
 Each Play-House and each Brothel in the Town,
 Lawyers they've heard, Quacks, Conj'ers, Cooks
 make Noise,
 Seen gay Old Lechers, and pert drunken Boys.

T I T Y R U S.

They've seen the Churches and the House of Lords;
 The King, his Palace, and if aught affords
Augusta greater than Majestic Mien,
 They at the *Tower* have the Lions seen:

And

And if more cruel aught than Them appear,
They've seen *Typhoëus* with a Blazing Star.

L A C O N.

May this *Typhoëus*, with his Brother fly
Indus beyond, to some inclement Sky,
In whose curs'd Land the Slaves with one Accord
Make their fell Tyrant, as a God ador'd ;
Where for the Wild-Boar's Use the Land seems
till'd,
Where Tygers fierce with tender Kids are fill'd ;
Where to rapacious Wolves, an easy Prey,
The treach'rous Shepherds do their Flocks betray.

T I T Y R U S.

T I T Y R U S.

May he fly hence! but if our Pray'rs are vain,
 And, for our Sins, this Good the Gods detain,
 Yet Husbandmen (for you no Blemish have)
Ceres and *Pales* pray their Fields to save.

L A C O N.

Ceres assist, full happy be the Year;
 May thy Trees *Tit'rus*, Store of Apples bear;
 May thy wish'd Harvest plentiful be found,
 And with rich Honey may thy Combs abound;
 May no Ill-Tongue, or other hellish Elf,
 Have Pow'r to hurt thy Cattle or thy self.

E

T I T Y R U S.

T I T Y R U S.

By thy light Meals may easy Old-Age come
 With Leisure, Neatness, and some Books at Home ;
 When thy Mind freely thou shalt search alone,
 May'st Thou be, *Lacon*, to thy self well known ;
 So Thou'lt not fear to view thy Actions past,
 Nor yet the Time appointed for thy last.

L A C O N.

These Past'ral Lays I thus attempt to sing,
 Not yet admitted to the sacred Spring ;
 Nor is it safe or prudent to relate
 Things worthy of our Country's Gods and State ;
 But

But could I keep the Track I did intend,
 Muses, you ought your Poet to defend.

T I T Y R U S.

The *Latian* Muses to recall we've try'd,
 And to the Time a trifling Verse supply'd;
 But should the Golden Age return again,
 And He command, we'd sing in loftier Strain.

N O T E S.

Page 18. *Peace-patching*, Venulus, &c. *

* A gay fluent Orator, and very facetious Fabulist, born under the Influence of *Mercury*; who carried in his Bosom two golden Lances made with exquisite Art by *Vulcan*, by which (as *Homer* relates of *Jupiter*) he decided the Fates of Empires and of Kings: Whence he could tell all the Actions of other Men, and perform whatever he would himself. But this polite and crafty Man (by what Chance it happen'd, is uncertain) did at last fail of his Art; for being sent Embassador on some important Affairs to H**** he brought back an ambiguous and dissatisfactory Answer, brandishing and clashing his Lances in the Air to no Purpose.

Page 20. *Those charming Verses*, Lælius, to me send, &c. † **

** Earl of O*****, in whom (when he retires to his distant Seat) what a Friend do I lose! What a Loss the Publick! A Man! of the greatest Wit, the most polite Behaviour, and

† An Elegy to the Memory of His Grace *Edmund*, late Duke of *Buckinghamshire*.

the

the justest Morals: His Verse like that of *Clio*, his Prose like that of *Pliny*; and both these, as well pleasing and witty, as eloquent and noble. But what detains you, O *Lælius*? When shall we again see you? I am now composing a congratulatory Address on your Return; just now feeding the destined Heifer: I should indeed have vow'd a Hecatomb, but that I have lost the Number of Cattle sufficient for that Purpose; which have either been destroy'd by the Inchantment of *Traulus's* Wife the Sorceress, or else been forcibly taken away by the *Cyclops*.

P. S. We hear that *Lælius* has finish'd a Translation of *Pliny's* EPISTLES, the Pleasure of which the Publick are shortly to enjoy.

F I N I S.



